

"I came on after that 6-foot-tall
48-inch-boobed Vegas showgirl...."

"And the Amber Inn says all you could dance
was the bassa nova and the jitterbug!" (Roar)

"All the old guys kept playing Sinatra
and Glenn Miller on the jukebox...."

"Excuses! Excuses!" he yelled, and while
some car, motorcycle or truck backfired
Richard, even though he personally
thought me okay and cute, he yelled,
fired me from a job (Roar) I never wanted
in the first place, a job that
had caused me to break out in hives

and for the rest of the summer
I lay in the sun 8 hours a day
dreaming about my future
until my tan peeled off
and leaves on the trees began to fall,
stupid me never dreaming for one minute
that working for Richard's freelance dance agency
would not be
the worst job I'd ever have.

THE FRIENDS YOU LOSE ALONG THE WAY

Patty in 8th grade didn't want to be
my friend anymore because I didn't
have breasts and she did. She
called me a baby and dumb because I
didn't understand her dirty jokes
about Jergen's hand lotion.

Jan, when we were 19 and just married,
said we couldn't be close friends anymore
because our main loyalties now should be
to our husbands.

Marlene stopped being friends with me
when she started having an affair
and got afraid I'd tell her husband.

Ruthie stopped speaking to me after she
told me about her new job as a "Foxy
Lady," an out-call masseuse, and I
wouldn't come to work for her. She
said I was stupid for turning down
such an easy job that paid so much money.

Norma, in the '80s, my friend since the '50s, stressed out from working 2 jobs to make payments on her new condo and car told me she didn't have time to be my friend anymore and was tired of me dumping guilt trips on her by calling her all the time.

Suzie stopped being my friend after we had a fight, both of us PMSing, after her dog chewed up my new shoes. She called me a vivisectionist and I called her a misogynist.

I'd still like to see all my used-to-be friends. Talk to them on the phone. Have them over for some wine. The friends you lose along the way are like losing your wallet or your job. Friends are like money. Without them you are very poor.

THE GIRLS OF THE CHICKIE RUNS

Where are those girls of the chickie runs, the Natalie Wood one and the other ones? They were all so thin and cute in their tight skirts and sweaters, their cherry Coke kisses driving the guys insane enough to drive off cliffs into the sea like the lemmings and now you see the girls of the chickie runs wearing jogging suits and Nikes fast-walking to shed cream cheese Christmas pounds, wearing down jackets sitting with their old man in beach chairs next to their fishing poles and R.V., some of them have been forced into early retirement from the phone company, some are raising their grandkids after their daughters got strung out in the '80s, a few of them learned shorthand up to 140 words per minute, a few got Ph.D.s, one still skis Jackson Hole, four wear Eva Gabor wigs to hide what chemo did, one bought a million-dollar condo after her husband left her for another man, a lot of them got tattoos and smoke three packs of cigs a day, some grow roses, basil and marijuana, 13 teach aerobics, 10 made videos, 20 take Prozac, one rots in jail for complicity to murder, two slept with John Lennon, one fell out of a jet on her way to Australia, many are becoming curly question marks from osteo, and all of them wish they were thin and cute and still had cherry Coke kisses guys were willing to die for.